

"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle.*

# The Minim,

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MDLLE. CHAMINADE.

## MDLLE. CHAMINADE.

One of the greatest creative geniuses amongst female musicians that has ever lived is unquestionably Mdle. Chaminade. It is true that there are others who have been equally ambitious and industrious; it is also true that some have had their merits more noisily asserted and more pertinaciously announced; but for absolute creative power, as differing from mere reflective power, or the power derived more from the head than the heart, very few—if any—women composers have ever compared with the fair Parisienne whose portrait is on our front page. Which of our readers does not know, among her pianoforte works, the "Valse Caprice," "Air de Ballet," "Serenade," Songs without Words, or "Automne;" or amongst her vocal works the charming songs, "Berceuse," "Captive Love," "Love's Garden," "Madrigal," or the equally charming duets, "Angelus" or "Barcarolle?" If such there be, it can be unhesitatingly said that they have a grace and beauty, both melodically and harmonically, peculiarly their own, and that no one's musical education or acquaintance with modern musical effects is complete who is ignorant of them. Ambroise Thomas once said of Mdle. Chaminade, that "she is not a woman who composes but a composer"—a delicate distinction which true musicians can appreciate, and than which a truer remark was never uttered.

"And when did you first commence to compose?" we enquired.

"From the time I was about five years old it has been my greatest pleasure. I inherited some love for music from both my parents, who were enthusiastic amateurs, but I don't suppose that I should have ever turned my thoughts very seriously to its study had it not been for Bizet (the composer of 'Carmen') whose encouragement and advice determined my life work."

"Do you not much admire Schumann's works?"

"It is very strange that *you* should ask me a question which has so often been put to me previously. Yes, I *do* vastly admire all his music, and very likely its mood is occasionally reflected

in my compositions. I am immensely moved by all that is weird or sorrowful in music, art or nature, and Schumann is to me one of the most suggestive and imaginative of musicians."

"Your music is so eclectic in character that I conclude you have studied under more than one master, and more than one style?"

"Yes, I have learnt something from many eminent musicians, who have at various times criticised my efforts, but my actual teachers of the piano were Le Couppey and Godard, whilst Savard instructed me in harmony and counterpoint. I have also studied with Marsick."

"Which do you consider to be your best works?"

"Personally I like my orchestral works best, though I suppose I am better known through my songs and piano solos. 'Les Amazones' for soli, chorus and orchestra, has been produced in Paris and Belgium. My symphonic ballad, 'Callirhoë,' was first produced in 1888 at Marseilles, where it has been repeated every year since, and it has also been heard in Paris and Lyons. My third big work—the Concerto for Piano—was produced at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, and I am engaged to play it at the London Philharmonic Concert of June 13th this year. Audiences, you know, as a rule don't think at present that it is quite the thing for a woman to *conduct* her own compositions."

Last year Mdle. Chaminade played before the Queen at Windsor Castle. Her Majesty and most of the Royal Family are great admirers of her music.

We were once scandalised by one of our correspondents writing of "Mr." Browning. Fancy speaking of "Herr" Mendelssohn or "Mr." Handel! We do certainly often see the poet of Coniston described as "Mr." Ruskin, but then happily, he is still with us; to be spoken of universally by the surname during one's life-time is a distinction enjoyed by few. It is said that Mdle. Chaminade is the only lady composer who can claim this special honour. Such is fame!

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NEVER aim at appearing more wise or learned than the rest of the company; never affect ignorance, for that is contemptible.

Two friends quarrelled; one of them insisted on the other's fighting him the next day. The challenge was accepted, on condition that they should breakfast together at the house of the person challenged. After breakfast the challenger asked the

other if he was ready to attend. "No, sir," he replied, "not until we are on a par; that amiable woman and those six children who just now breakfasted with us, depend solely upon my life for their subsistence, and until you can stake something equal, I cannot think we are equally matched." "We are not, indeed," replied the other, giving him his hand, and from this time they became firmer friends than before.



# ON THE PECULIAR STYLE OF EXECUTION MOST SUITABLE TO DIFFERENT COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS.

By CARL CZERNY, 1839.—(*The Great Pianoforte School*.)

In the commencement of the eighteenth century the legato style of playing, as well as the execution of considerable difficulties on the harpsichord and clavichord, the instruments then in use, had already been carried to a high degree of perfection by *Seb. Bach*, *Domenico Scarlatti*, and others; and, indeed, *Scarlatti* may be looked upon as the founder of the brilliant or bravura style.

The *Pianoforte*, just then invented (about 1770), gained a prodigious step in advance by *Mozart* and *Clementi*, two great practical masters and improvers of the art.

*Clementi*, who devoted himself exclusively to pianoforte playing and composition for this instrument, may with justice be looked upon as the founder of a regular school, as he first of all was able to unite brilliant bravura execution with tranquillity of the hands, solidity of touch, correctness, distinctness, and grace of execution; and in his day he was always allowed to be the greatest player on the pianoforte. The most distinguished masters on this instrument of the subsequent period were his pupils, who formed according to their individual ideas various styles and schools of playing.

The pianos of that day possessed for their most distinguished properties a full singing quality of tone, and as a counter-balance to that they had also a deep fall of the keys, a hard touch, and a want of distinctness in the single notes in rapid playing; this naturally led *Dussek*, *Cramer*, and a few others to that soft, quiet, melodious style of execution for which they and likewise their compositions are chiefly esteemed, and which may be looked upon as the Antipodes of the modern clear and brilliantly piquant manner of playing. *Mozart's* style, which approached nearer to the latter mode, and which was brought to such exquisite perfection by *Hummel*, was more suited to those pianofortes which combined a light and easy touch with great distinctness of tone, and which were, therefore, more suited to general purposes as well as for the use of youth.

Meantime, in 1790, appeared *Beethoven*, who enriched the pianoforte by new and bold passages by the use of the pedals, by an extraordinary characteristic manner of execution, which was particularly remarkable for the strict legato of the full chords, and which, therefore, formed a new kind of melody—and by many effects not before thought of. His execution did not possess the pure and brilliant elegance of many other pianists, but on the other hand it was energetic, profound, noble, and, particularly in the adagio, highly feeling and

romantic. His performance, like his compositions, was a musical painting of the highest class, esteemed only for its general effect.

The subsequent improvements in the mechanism of the pianoforte soon gave occasion to young professors of talent who were rising to maturity to partly discover and partly improve upon another mode of treating the instrument, namely, the *brilliant style* which, about 1814, was chiefly distinguished by a very marked staccato touch, by perfect correctness in the execution of the greatest difficulties, and by extreme and striking elegance and propriety in the embellishments, and which was soon acknowledged to be the most favourite and most applauded style of all, through the skill of *Hummel*, *Meyerbeer*, *Moscheles*, *Kalkbrenner*, etc.

This style is now still further distinguished by even more tranquil delicacy, greater varieties of tone, and, in the modes of execution, a more connected flow of melody and a still more perfect mechanism; and in future it must be considered as the most desirable manner of all.

We may, therefore, assume the following styles of execution as so many principal schools: *Clementi's* style, which was distinguished by a regular position of the hands, firm touch and tone, clear and voluble execution, and correct declamation; and partly also by great address and flexibility of finger.

*Cramer* and *Dussek's* style: Beautiful cantabile, the avoiding of all coarse effects, an astonishing equality in the runs and passages as a compensation for that degree of volubility which is less thought of in their works, and a fine legato, combined with the use of the pedals.

*Mozart's School*: A distinct and considerably brilliant manner of playing, calculated rather on the staccato than on the legato touch; an intelligent and animated execution. The pedal seldom used, and never obbligato. *Beethoven's* style: Characteristic and impassioned energy, alternating with all the charms of smooth and connected cantabile is in its place here. The means of expression is often carried to excess, particularly in regard to humorous and fanciful levity.

The piquant, brilliant and showy manner is but seldom applicable here; but for this reason we must more frequently attend to the total effect, partly by means of a full, harmonious legato, and partly by means of a happy use of the pedals, etc. Great volubility of finger without brilliant pretensions, and, in the adagio, enthusiastic

expression and singing melody, replete with sentiment and pathos, are the great requisites in the player.

The compositions of F. Ries for the most part require a similar style of execution.

The modern brilliant school, founded by Hummel, Kalkbrenner, and Moscheles.—Its peculiar qualities are—perfect mastery of all the mechanical difficulties; the utmost possible rapidity of finger; delicacy and grace in the various embellishments; the most perfect distinctness, nicely suited to every place of performance, whether small or large; and a correct declamation intelligible to every one, united with refined and elegant taste.

Out of all these schools a new style is just now beginning to be developed, which may be called a mixture of and improvements on all those which preceded it. It is chiefly represented by Thalberg, Chopin, Liszt, and other young artists, and it is distinguished by the invention of new passages and difficulties, and consequently the introduction of new effects, as also by an extremely improved application of all the mechanical means, which the

pianoforte offers in its present greatly improved state, and which, like all former improvements in their day, will give a new impulse to the art of playing on this much cultivated instrument.

From this historical sketch the reflecting pianist will easily perceive that the works of each composer must be executed in the style in which he wrote, and that the performer will assuredly fail if he attempts to play all the works of the masters above named in the selfsame style.

The player who desires to arrive at anything like perfection must dedicate a considerable space of time exclusively to the compositions of each master who has founded a school till he has not only accustomed his mind to the peculiar style of each, but also till he is enabled to remain faithful to it in the mechanical performance of their works. Thus, for example, the quiet, soft and heartfelt elegance with which the compositions of Dussek ought to be played are not by any means sufficient for the execution of a work of Beethoven's, or of a brilliant composition of the present day; just as in painting there exists a difference between miniature, crayon, fresco, and oil-painting.



## THE ART OF PLAYING FROM MEMORY.

By W. H. HOLMES.

The art of playing from memory is, I think, of such importance, in various ways, that I cannot avoid trying to point out its numerous advantages to young students. First and foremost, I believe all will agree that declamation is better than reading, as applied to language, which is definite; how much more so then will this apply to music (may be as Dr. Marx observes, "yearning for words"), where there is so much that appears indefinite—considered as one of the greatest charms in music—and yet appealing to the soul of the listener, and awakening such emotions in the mind that it would be difficult to analyse the feeling so roused and worked upon! The sublime power of music is shown when we see a large audience listening with wrapt attention to the almost "divine strains" of the great masters, some understanding and feeling the construction of harmonies and plan of composition, and therefore going heart and mind with the interpreters; others feeling, but not understanding, beauties that entrance the soul. In music mind does not speak to mind, or rather soul to soul. The composer and interpreter have each their special mission. Of course the composer may chance to be his own interpreter; even then he may consider that he *appears really* in a two-fold capacity. As music admits of so many

interpretations, governed by certain laws, the executant has to make himself master not merely of the notes but of the music to make himself intelligible to his audience, and endeavour to convey his ideas of the feelings of the composer. How much greater chance has the exponent of being really felt and understood if he has all the music in his mind, for by performing from memory he proves how he has absorbed the music into himself! I am not speaking of mechanical memory nor of mere fingering, but heart-playing; such playing as, when really fully developed, gives free scope even to the imagination of the player mind upon mind, and proving the genius of the interpreter to be almost akin to that of the composer, although, of course, in a secondary degree, because he is not the originator or inventor of the ideas; yet it may be possible to produce effects, and convey new meanings, that the composer may never have dreamt of. One can hardly believe that Beethoven ever heard the *realisation* in performance of his own wonderful creations during his lifetime; he, and others, must have been so before their time, both in composition and in the execution of their art. How many composers have been but poor executants on an instrument; they have had to imagine what others had to do! I

cannot say that I think an interpretation from memory by an entire orchestra would be safe or desirable, although the conductor may have the score by heart, and give a reading that may influence his forces in a great degree. As a proof of how music may be worked out of music, how the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, now becoming as familiar as household words, improve in performance year by year—bands knowing their parts almost by heart, although they have the music before them, and feeling more and more individually how each player forms a part of the anatomy of the whole. Mendelssohn threw a new light on Haydn's old Sinfonias.

A solo performer playing a concerto with an orchestra must have great power over his accompanists when playing from memory. Who that has heard a great violin player (and it is more extraordinary with a violinist, who has not harmonies at his finger ends like the pianist), with his single notes entwining the whole orchestra around him, feeling sure of all-important nothings, and probing every fibre of (for example) Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's violin concertos, has not felt the increased power of the mind or intentions of the composer. In a solo performance entirely, when the executant is not fettered by the minds of others (although it is an excellent thing to have gained the dependence and the proper independence by the restraint of

concerted music, as a part of a musician's education) the declamation of the player who plays from memory will be, perhaps, more generally understood. Of course, many from nervousness may not be able to carry this out, yet even those who are so nervous will be glad to have the music by heart, even if they have the comfort of the book before them. I would observe how desirable it is that memory-playing should be adopted in private society. The memory-playing should not be merely trying after playing from memory, but the result of careful, diligent study, which impresses the music on the memory, and thus on the heart of the student. Numbers may have the faculty dormant for want of exercise, in the same way that many are not aware of, and do not cultivate, the power of "listening to music on paper," or feeling in the mind the effects of a composition apart from any instrument, yet after hearing a band play will have all subjects floating in the mind or soul's ear, and, having the ear for locality, can sing in tune, and thus have to conceive in the mind the exact note before they utter it.

The cultivation of these gifts must enhance the pleasure and the power of memory-playing, and memory-playing being decidedly, when well studied, declamatory—even when the book is before the performer—must strike home to the heart of the real listener.



#### ARE ORGANISTS GOOD PIANISTS?

Schumann, in his "Rules and Maxims for Young Musicians," wrote thus:—"Whenever you have the opportunity place yourself at the organ. There is no instrument so efficacious in correcting the errors or habits of a bad musical education, or so quickly revenges itself on anything unclear or impure in composition or playing as the organ."

In spite of the self-styled "up-to-date" young man's opinion, these words of wisdom still hold good though they were written many years ago; nay, in fact, now that the touch of the organ is no longer the heavy and cumbrous thing it was then, they are even more true now than they were. It would be excellent training for many so-called "pianists" if they followed the example of one very well-known great public performer, who quite recently took organ lessons for the purpose of improving his pianoforte touch.

The old superstition that an organist could not be a good pianist, or that the organ spoiled the touch for the pianoforte, is now, we are glad to say, gradually dying out. The old prejudices, begotten of ignorance and fostered by persons who for their own interests endeavour to keep the delusion alive, however, are occasionally to be met with in persons

who, knowing little of such matters themselves, are easily persuaded or imposed on.

We will, however, assume that the rash persons who talk about the bad touch of organists are perfectly honest in expressing their opinion; it therefore only remains to state that they are not only ignorant of facts, but also that they are committing a great wrong against a type of musicians who are, as a class, men of superior musicianship and acuteness of ear, possessing much less bigotry and narrowmindedness than most mere "pianists."

A special characteristic of the organ which is asserted to produce bad touch is its *sostenuto* tone, which, from the moment of depressing the key till its rise, does not vary in its power, and secondly, it is stated that the heavy "touch" of the organ causes the organist's "touch" to be hard and unmusical. Let us examine these arguments.

The "sustained" character of organ tone is said to prevent the acquirement of a perfect "legato," i.e., smooth, connected, clinging touch. This absurd statement was hazarded some time ago by a young "professor" at one of our institutions. Had it not carried with it its own refutation the storm of derision which it excited from the musical world

would itself have extinguished the idea at once. We may safely dismiss this argument.

The second statement, that the heaviness of organ touch is damaging to a pianist, can also readily be disposed of. The touch of most modern organs is as light as a pianoforte, and even if it were not it is a great mistake to imagine that a bad touch results from the performer having too much strength gained through practising on a stiff organ. It is, as a matter of fact, the precise reverse, in so far as muscular development is concerned. "Bad touch" means that certain muscles are too weak and undeveloped to do their work. The most powerful pianists are also the most delicate if need be. No performer ever had more power than Rubinstein, no one ever had a more delicate and ethereal touch than he when it was required; and the remarks apply equally well to our living pianists, such as Emil Sauer, Slivinski, or our English Frederick Dawson.

Impartially and concisely it may be said that the position is as follows: if a person has properly studied the pianoforte under good tuition and subsequently takes up the organ, its effect will be in every way beneficial. If a person has never had practice of the ampler on the pianoforte, however, and has only practised the organ, it is as absurd to expect him to play the pianoforte well as it would be to expect a mere pianist, who, by dint of ceaseless "strumming" can manage to play a piece or two from memory, to accompany an elaborate church service or to play a Bach fugue on a modern organ. With adequate preparation, however, it is quite possible—in the words of a very eminent English musician—"to play both (organ and piano) in the time usually given to acquiring mediocrity in one." One instrument in fact helps the other, and any average pianist can more speedily improve his own playing by a course of lessons from a competent organist than by any other system that has ever been devised.

In reality the majority of professionally trained organists were good pianists long before they were organists at all. The fact that they prefer the organ to the piano—which is not to be wondered at considering its immense resources—is no proof that they are not still good pianists, and they could easily demonstrate this fact if they chose in at least most cases. It is well known that very many organists are charming pianists, possessing the most lovely touch, but then they are not very demonstrative or fond of flinging mud at those of their less fortunate brethren who can only play and teach the pianoforte!

Nearly all the greatest musicians have been both pianists and organists. Bach and Handel were both equally great on clavichord, harpsichord or pianoforte as the organ; so were Mendelssohn and Chopin the ideally perfect pianoforte pianists and composers for the instruments. In fact, the only

composer of the first rank not an organist was Beethoven; his touch on the pianoforte was, however, by no means always good. Had he been an organist he would probably have been a better pianist.

To come to our own day we have the following names of the first rank who are equally good on organ and pianoforte, and who are or have been constantly before the public in both capacities:—Charles Edward Stephens, (late) director of the Philharmonic Society; Dr. Camille St. Saëns, the world-renowned composer; W. S. Hoyte, W. T. Best, Sir Walter Parratt, E. H. Thorne (St. Anne's, Soho), the late Lefebvre Wely, and Mons. Ch. Widor, the eminent French musician.

Touch is in reality a matter of the mind as of music, and given a nervous system of intelligence and sensitiveness, a trained hand can readily adapt itself to the peculiarities of both instruments. It is recorded that Sir W. Sterndale Bennett once played a duet on the organ with a well-known musician who was responsible for the pedals and the management of the stops, and yet though he was quite untrained as an organist the keenest listener would not have detected it.

Mendelssohn, it is well known, performed at a Birmingham musical festival his D minor Concerto for the Pianoforte one evening, and the "St. Ann's Fugue," by Bach, on the organ the following day.

Further facts bearing out these statements could be quoted almost *ad infinitum*; a few more must suffice. The Thalberg Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, a scholarship for the piano at the Royal College of Music, and another at the Metropolitan College, were all competed for almost simultaneously, and they were all won by pupils of the same gentleman, *who is an organist*.

The Heathcote-Long prize at the Royal Academy was competed for on a late occasion by twelve candidates, eight of whom were organists, including the successful one, who officiates at a well-known church every year.

The hundreds of students passed in pianoforte-playing by the Associated Board, Trinity College, Society of Arts, I.S.M., etc., are principally taught by organists. What are we to conclude—either that the examiners *don't* know what is good and bad in piano-playing, or that organists *do* know what piano-playing is, and are able to teach it? We fancy the answer of most fair-minded people who are competent to judge will be not only are the examiners good men and true, able and discriminating, but that the organists of the country are as a whole not only unsurpassed in the world on the instrument of their choice, but also cultivated musicians in a far wider, deeper, and more comprehensive way than can be fairly stated of some bitter-minded "mere pianists" who at present cumber the ground.

## THE STREET MUSICIAN ABROAD.

Of all capitals London should stand highest in the estimation of the gentry who prefer to play rather than work for a living. Although supposed to move on and move off, "by special desire," the London street musician is practically free to tickle uneducated ears and torture educated ones when, where and how he deems most conducive to the extraction of coin from the pockets of delighted or disgusted hearers.

Things are ordered very differently abroad. Street minstrels receive scant favour in Vienna. First of all, they must be licensed, and licenses are only obtainable by such persons as are able to show that no other method of earning money is open to them, and that the doors of the poor house are closed against them. Even when licensed they cannot perform in the open thoroughfares of the city, but must content themselves with the harvest to be reaped in public-houses and courtyards after mid-day on week-days, and between four o'clock and sunset on Sundays and holidays.

In Berlin licenses used to be issued at the discretion of the police authorities, but the recipients of the privilege were worse off than their Viennese brethren, being entitled to ply their vocation in courtyards only. So loud and long, however, were the complaints of unappreciative citizens that in 1884 the fraternity were condemned to gradual extinction, it being ordained that no new licenses were to be granted.

In Rome and in Italian towns generally street musicians and singers must register themselves as such every year, under a penalty of a hundred lire—about three pounds ten shillings—it being by law provided that "registration may be denied to persons under eighteen years of age when they are suitable for other professions," to dangerous characters, and persons under police supervision. Registration is not necessary for members of bands ordinarily performing in public buildings when inclined to give their services out-doors at festivals, inaugurations, anniversaries, or other solemnities, providing they give due notice to the police authorities, who may, if they think fit, forbid them exercising their privilege.

Guitar players are the only musical itinerants tolerated in the streets of Madrid; licenses to perform on the national instrument and ask for alms for so doing being granted or refused at the option of the mayor, who, as a rule, limits his favours to the blind to enable them to earn sufficient to satisfy their modest wants. The organ, or piano as the Spaniards call it, used to share the run of the streets with the guitar, the grinder paying twenty shillings a year for permission to turn the handle between the hours of seven and twelve, and

four and seven. But even this allowance of organ music was voted an intolerable nuisance, and the instrument is no longer heard in Madrid. The organ owners have petitioned the municipality to restore the old order of things; but Sir Clare Ford is of opinion that it is highly improbable that the mayor will accede to their request.

By an ordinance dated February 28th, 1863, no itinerant mountebank, organ-grinder, musician or singer can practise his calling in Paris without a license from the prefect of police, to obtain which he must satisfy that functionary that he is French-born, of good character, has dwelt twelve months within the prefect's jurisdiction, and is neither blind, one-armed, one-legged, crippled, deformed, nor infirm. He must supply a list of those accompanying him on his rounds, with full particulars about them, none of whom must be under the age of sixteen, or any more afflicted than himself. Every performer so licensed must wear a badge bearing his name and his number, and can only perform at the places specified on his license between eight in the morning and nine at night in summer, and from eight to six in winter. Singers are forbidden to sing or sell any song that has not received the imprimatur of the Minister of the Interior. In 1881 street music received its quietus by the promulgation of a decree annulling the provision under which musicians were authorised to station themselves at particular points, and restricting such performances in the public thoroughfares to national fête-days. Paris is now, therefore, hardly a happier hunting-ground for the peripatetic entertainer than the Czar's capital, wherein no itinerant musician is allowed to sojourn. Whether his existence is tolerated outside St. Petersburg we are not informed; if it be, native discourses of sweet sounds have nothing to fear from the competition of intrusive aliens, since itinerant players hailing from any foreign land are not suffered to cross the frontiers of the empire.

The United States is an awkward country for the roaming minstrel to travel. In one place he may revel in unlimited liberty; in the next find himself mulcted heavily; in a third, liable to thirty days' imprisonment as a common fiddler and piper. A penalty ranging from five to twenty-five dollars awaits the vagrant, mendicant or street musician playing any musical instrument "unsolicited" in the thoroughfares of Milwaukee; the carrying of any such instrument for the purpose of using it for gain is a misdemeanour in St. Louis; in Philadelphia street music has long since been prohibited as a public nuisance; while the cries of the privileged news-boys is the only noise "to attract attention" to be heard in the streets of Chicago.

The strains of the barrel-organ seem to be especially obnoxious to the people of Savannah, Rhode Island, and the Empire City. In the first-named place the organ-grinder is called upon to pay five dollars a week, just as much as is exacted from a full band; in Brunswick he alone of all instrumentalists must disburse a dollar a day; and he alone of all itinerant musicians is prohibited from playing in Providence. As we read Consul-general Booker's report, the organ-grinder is the sole object of the regulations regarding street music prevailing in New York, where the mayor has the power of licensing three hundred organs, to be used between nine a.m. and seven p.m. on week-days only, but not within five hundred feet of any hospital, public institution, or school-house in school time; nor within half that distance of any

dwelling-house whose occupant objects to its being brought nearer. For this license the organ owner pays one dollar per annum, and the player must not ask directly or indirectly for any money, under pain of paying ten dollars or "going up" for so many days.

The license system is in many places extended to performers on other instruments. In Boston a street musician's annual license costs him only fifty cents, in Jersey City he pays five dollars, and in Newark, where he must wear a badge, double that amount. In Norfolk, Virginia, a dollar a day is exacted; while the strong feeling existing against the fraternity in Charleston has impelled the Committee of Ways and Means to impose a charge of fifteen dollars a day, a tax that has answered its end most effectually.—*Chambers' Journal*.

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MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH tells of Miss Ellen Terry's kindness. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, whose real name is Miss Violet Barnes, who was married on Sunday, the 9th inst., to Mr. Arthur Bouchier, is, as is generally known, the daughter of the late Canon Barnes. She has played in many pieces at Toole's, and was the Anne Boleyn in Mr. Irving's revival of "Henry VIII" at the Lyceum, at which theatre she stayed two years, understudying and occasionally replacing Miss Ellen Terry. How charming she was in those parts, and as Cordelia in "Twelfth Night" at Daly's, the chroniclers of our time have told us. Miss Vanbrugh had a very hard struggle at first. Her parents lived at that time at Exeter, and she came to London with an old nurse to try her fortune. She tried in vain for a long time. She wrote to managers, saw managers, all to no purpose. "And when I wrote to Miss Ellen Terry she was terribly busy, and I received no answer. I wrote again. Still no

answer. I waited and waited, to no purpose. One day I made up my mind that I should have to return to Exeter, and I sat in the room crying bitterly. Suddenly I heard a voice in the hall. It was the voice of Ellen Terry. She said that she had come to see how the little waif was getting on. She took me home with her, and I stayed with her for a long time, but still could not get anything to do, for Miss Terry would not let me take this arm-chair view of my profession, but insisted on my making my own way. A little later I met Miss Sarah Thorne, and absolutely insisted that she should give me some work. After much persuasion she consented, and after that things have taken the usual course with me, smooth times and rough times. But all the little I have achieved I owe first to Miss Terry, who was a good angel to me, and to Miss Thorne. For Mr. Toole's kindness, too, I can never be sufficiently grateful to him."—*Sun*.

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A BEEHIVE is a school of loyalty and filial love.

WHEN the mind is weary the body should be active.

COURAGE to think is infinitely more rare than courage to act.

CHERISH the tender buds of pity, and they will blossom with benevolence.

THOUGHTS are blossoms of the mind, and words the fruits of desires.

KNOWLEDGE will become folly if good sense do not take care of it.

THE world is a comedy to those who think; a tragedy to those who feel.

KEEP a low sail at the commencement of life; you may rise with honour, but you cannot recede without shame.

THE prerogative of infancy is innocence; of childhood, reverence; of manhood, maturity; and of old age, wisdom.

Our next issue will contain a Portrait and Interview with Mr. Hamish McCunn, Result of April Competition, Particulars of New Competition, and specially written articles of great interest, some of which have been unavoidably held over.



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*London, E.C.*

# Contents.

	PAGE
Portrait—Mdlle. Chaminade	113
Biography	114
Composers and Their Works	115
The Art of Playing from Memory	116
Are Organists Good Pianists	117
The Street Musician Abroad	119
Editorial	121
A First Lesson in the Rudiments of Music	122
Result of Prize Competition, No. 13	123
Prize Competition No. 15	124
From the Editor's Note-Book	124
Great Writers' First Attempts	126
A Trifle Mixed	126
Coming Concerts	127

OUR friends the music sellers would, if we asked them, tell us that with the month of May the musical season practically is at an end. Concerts are over, choral societies no longer meet, and the youth of both sexes are abandoning themselves to the delights of outdoor life and relaxation. New music is no longer sought after, the voice of the enquirer for the sweetest thing in waltzes or drawing-room ballads is no longer heard, and that "nice amusement," as Paterfamilias hath it, music, to wit, goes to the dogs. Only in London does music continue to lift up its voice; the exotic opera flourishes under a tender system of cultivation, stimulated and kept alive through the powerful influence of rank and fashion, which does more for music and art—or at any rate for its professors—than anything else. If England were, however, really the musical nation it professes or wishes to be, there would be no "dead" season at all. Why should we not have more open-air concerts? Why should not the local choral societies give selections in some of the charming gardens and grounds of wealthy music lovers, and, by combining the attractions of summer and winter, replenish their too scanty coffers? Why not indeed! Echo can only answer, "W. P." (weather prevents).

— \* \* \* \* \*

THE EDISON LAMP.—No one can estimate the thought and perseverance brought by Edison to bear on the construction of the incandescent lamp. On October 16, 1879, he set to work with his assistants to make a lamp such as he had pictured in his own mind. For four days and nights they worked away incessantly, and it was only on the morning of the fifth day they were able to see that the thing was feasible. Cotton thread

was tried first, and it was treated in various ways for five hours, but after every attempt it fell to pieces. They obtained a perfect filament on the morning of the 20th, but it was carried away by a puff of wind while being taken to the glass-blower. Finally, on the next morning, Edison had a lamp in operation, showing a delicate thread of light—and the thing was done.

## A FIRST LESSON IN THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

"Well, my dear boys," said Mr. Blegrum, the newly-appointed organist, "I suppose you have heard about the success of one of Dr. Scales' boys, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, we have. He wrote a chant for the cathedral choir, and they sang it."

"Ah! but that is not what I mean. He has passed the Royal College of Music examination well, and now he is going there for further study. Later on, he will go in for a degree, perhaps, at Oxford; but he is working hard, and that is how people get on. Now, I have started this class so that you may learn something about music—the Divine art—*apart* from singing; this we attend to in our choir practices, do we not? We will begin from the beginning. Smiles, what do you know?"

"Oh, please sir, I know to the dominant seventh. Our organist in Eastbourne taught me this."

"Really," said Mr. Blegrum, "let us see where you are. What is the dominant seventh?"

"Oh—er—er—I don't know."

"But what did he say?"

"Oh, he did not seem to know what he was talking about! And he said that he did not think much of Macfarren and Ouseley, and he did not think Prout was any good. But he knew consecutive octaves and fifths were forbidden, though he could not avoid them himself, because he published an anthem at his own expense; and I saw plenty of the forbidden errors in them, but they were ineffective."

"Now," says the Organist, "you have hit the mark. Where fifths are effective they are *right*; where not, *not*. It is the same with consecutive octaves; at present you must avoid them. But your teacher did not know what he was doing. Now, let us get to work. Attention! Have I got all my boys here? Yes; all right! We will begin from the beginning. What is music? You can't answer it. Well, music is the Divine art of—melody shall we say. Some would say not. What is it? It is evanescent. It arises out of silence, and goes back into silence. That is all you can say. But we are not getting on very fast with our lesson. What do you boys sing?"

"Please, sir," said Arthur Trickey, "we try to sing music—as far as you teach us."

"Oh!" said the Organist, "and I hope you will pay attention to what I say, then we shall get on. In the first place, we must have some arrangement whereby we can tell what notes to play or sing. Can any one tell me how this is done?"

"By means of lines, sir," said a curly-headed little fellow.

"Yes, quite right; lines and spaces. The great thing for you to remember is that the staff is made

up of *eleven* lines; the middle one is the most important, and the note on that line is called the *middle C*, and from this all the other notes are reckoned whether up or down. *This must be made a matter of memory by you.* In the alphabet what is the next letter to C? D! Very well. Then the next *space above* this middle C, as it is called, is D.



The next one is now a line, and on the same principle is named E, and so on up to the top of the staff. Observe we only use *seven* letters. Nature herself is our guide here. This middle C is produced by about 256 vibrations per second. It is proved that after you get B a note comes which is curiously like the middle C. It is produced by an *exact double number of vibrations*, i.e., about 512 vibrations per second. So we only use *seven* letters for musical notation. This has not always been so, but it will do for you for the present. We have now what is called the G or treble clef; this is because *G is the note on the second line*. But now let us go downstairs—

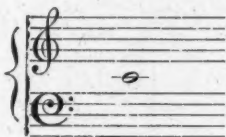


We now go *backwards* from the middle C. You notice it works out as easily as possible. Look at the bass clef. This is called the *F* clef because the note on the *second line from the top* is F. In the case of the G clef you remember we had G as the note on the *second line from the bottom*. Then note this fact further. F, C, G, these notes are *fifths* from each other. You see 5 is quite an important number in music. We shall reckon all the scales and keys by *fifths*."

"But please, sir," said one of the boys, "I do not see *eleven* lines in music for the piano; there are only *ten*."

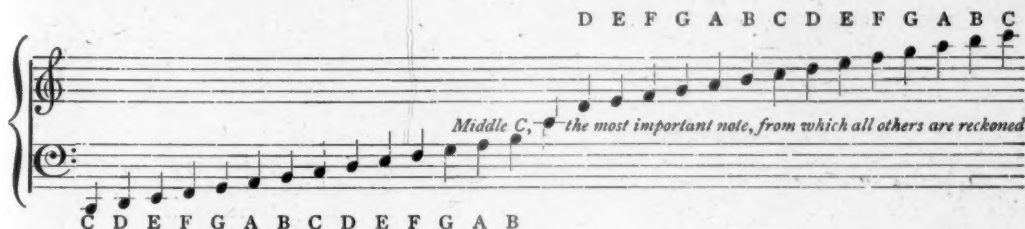
"Quite right, my boy," said Mr. Blegrum, "the middle line has now disappeared; but you find it

still used in voice parts. At present, however, we will keep to what we have before us. The middle C now is always written in music for the piano *between the staves* and with a line through it, thus—



This is a part of the great staff that we have been

talking about. We have now nearly done our lesson for to-day, but I must just say that this staff is not sufficient for all purposes, and so we have to use *ledger lines*. These are reckoned in the same way as the staff; that is to say, the names of the notes run alphabetically just as they did before. Some practice is, of course, required to tell at sight what note is named, and those who do this *quickly* (and you can all do it by practice) are called good sight readers. Now we will write the whole out as far as we have got (with notes below and above the staves), so that the whole shall be fixed in our memory.



Here, you see, the notes all named C, D, E, in the bass have to have lines so that we can see where we are. Similarly with A, B, C above the treble staff. Of course, more lines can be used either above or below if necessary, but it is not usual to use more than four or five. I will tell you what is customary another time. Now, I want you all to become good sight readers, and have a *rational*

*understanding* as to what you are singing. *We must never sing here by ear.* If you master everything well as you go along you need not fear as to the result. Next time I will ask one of you to explain what we have been doing to-day. You have been very attentive, and I feel sure you mean to work hard. Now, for the present, good-bye."

W. J. R.

— \* \* \* \* \*

#### RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 13.

As our readers will recollect, the task set was to vote as to which is the most difficult to sing well out of the five "Messiah" choruses selected.

The concensus of opinion in favour of "His Yoke is Easy" is very marked, over 50 per cent. of the total vote being recorded in favour of it, and we venture to think that taken as a whole it is more difficult than any of the others named despite the irony suggested by the title.

The first coupon opened, voting for this chorus, bore the motto "Uno Animo," and the winner's name and address was found to be

Miss B. C. SMYTHE,

St. Anne's House,

Lewes,

to whom a cheque for One Guinea has been forwarded.

The rage for "Nil Desperandum" as a motto has developed alarming proportions, and we are seriously thinking of disqualifying in future any one who uses this shockingly overworked servant. Its constant usage suggests that many competitors are either too apathetic to think out another, or else their knowledge of mottoes is confined to one only—which are we to believe?

Several competitors have been disqualified for non-attention to rules, one of whom would probably have won the prize, if "All we like Sheep" had received the most votes. Had this been so the combination of circumstances would have been peculiarly happy as the competitor in question not only announces his name but his trade—the appropriate one (?) of "Butcher!"

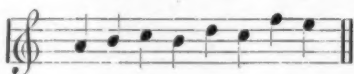
## PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 15.

The following printed phrase is taken from a well-known work by Rossini. Competitors are required—

1. To state name of work from which it is taken.
2. To write it out in the exact form in which it first appears (our print merely shows the *intervals*).
3. To give any other instance of its use in another number of the same work, quoting chapter and verse.

## COUPON.—No. 15.

Please cut out neatly.



Motto \_\_\_\_\_

The following rules must be strictly adhered to:—

1. The Coupon below must be filled in and returned to our London Office, 84 Newgate Street, *not later than May 20th*, the outside of the Envelope being marked "Competition."
2. The Competition is free to all who send in their replies on or with the attached Coupon.
3. In the Envelope must also be enclosed another *Scaled Envelope*, bearing on the *outside* the Motto chosen by the Competitor (and which also appears on the Coupon), and containing *inside* the Name and Address of the Competitor, but *not* the Coupon.

We offer a Prize of ONE GUINEA for a correct solution.

In the event of more than one correct Answer being received, preference will be given to that first opened. The Editor's decision must in all cases be final.



## JOTTINGS FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

Our own correspondent writes us from Leipzig:—"In dismantling the celebrated old Gewandhaus (which dates back to 1781) a walled-up recess, full of papers, was discovered by the workmen, who began to take them away as 'rubbish.' Fortunately the authorities got wind of it, laid an embargo thereon and appointed a committee, as I hear, of sixteen, to examine into the contents thereof. Perhaps they may have the good fortune to bring some musical treasures to light. Some *libretti* published by Breitkopf & Haertel in 1808 and 1817 came under my notice, but their connection with the renowned institution dates back much further. This world-famed firm was established in 1719.

"Arthur Gadebusch, the editor of the 'Neueste Nachrichten,' made a minute inspection of the building during the demolition, and gave a most interesting article in his paper on the result. On his showing the whole building embodies the equivalent of *every* part of a violin, and the peculiarity is that the hall was nowhere secured to the outer walls or building, but, as one may say, was *suspended within it*. It is to this fact that he attributes the unrivalled acoustic properties of the hall, which has often been imitated, but never with equal success."

He also adds a capital description of the rampant insincere, "smart" musical journalist:—

"The modern critic is like a man who at a banquet lets all the good things pass by him and takes those which disagree with him in order to find an excuse to grumble and find fault."

After all, however, the impressions of the "impressionist" critics are of little value or moment either on the progress of art or to the public generally, which only wants to be "amused." It is one of the great defects of English journalism, and of our system of "unsigned" articles, that ill-trained, incompetent, and dishonest critics should ever momentarily emerge from their natural obscurity. But merely artificial "smartness" soon runs its little day, and is "found out" for ever.

I have looked in at one or two of the Sunday afternoon Organ Recitals at Queen's Hall, where Mr. Newman has provided for some time now an alternative to the common Sunday afternoon doze on the sofa. It is really quite a problem what to do with yourself between two or three o'clock and five or six on the afternoon of the first day of the week. Even be you devout, there is no church; and if the weather is bad you can't go for a walk, or call on your friends, nor can you spend your day

up the river in the depth of winter with much pleasure and profit. The Sunday afternoon recitals, therefore, seem to come as a boon and a blessing to hundreds of men and women who prefer intellectual enjoyment, even on a Sunday afternoon, to the lethargic, if entirely decorous, slumber which follows the mid-day gorge.

Rigid Sabbatarians should also go for once to the more recently established Sunday evening Orchestral Concerts at the same place. They will hear fine music well rendered by Mr. Randegger's capital orchestra, and find some free places if they go early. It does really seem an extraordinary type of thought which permits public-houses to open, and would at the same time keep all alternatives rigidly barred. There can be little doubt that Sabbatarianism carried to excess is responsible for much of the Sunday drinking which many persons so deeply lament.

I don't usually notice concerts, as my readers are generally well supplied with critiques and items of news in the weekly and daily papers, unless for special reasons. The special reason I have for referring to the Trinity College Orchestral Concert on April 1st was the special excellence of the students' orchestra. Of course, one could not expect that the strings would have the breadth of tone and phrasing that we are accustomed to at the Philharmonic, where every performer is an artist of formed experience; but for all that the Trinity College "strings" were very good. Mr. F. Corder (the conductor) could not be held responsible for a few vagaries in the "wind"—held, be it said, *not* by students—and the amount of *nuance* and effect

obtained in German's most characteristic "Gipsy Suite" was very greatly commendable. Taken as a whole the concert reflected the highest credit on the institution.

Professor Ebenezer Prout, Mus. Doc., the new professor of music in Dublin University, has lost no time in remodelling the regulations for degrees in music in the direction of more specifically stating their nature in detail. The old regulations were certainly vague, and gave but little idea as to the formidable nature of the examination which confronted the English candidate who wandered over the waste of waters in search of what he thought was an easily acquired degree, only to return a sadder and wiser man. The names of such, I am informed, are legion; now there will be little excuse for lost journeys. The only thing I am afraid of is that with increased "definition" there will be more "cram." Up to the present it has been almost impossible for a man who is merely "book learned" to obtain a Dublin degree, and consequently their graduates in music are generally good all-round men, whose sympathies are not all bound up in the organ-loft, or in the fogs of rival systems of harmony and bewildering theories as to acoustics and the "phenomena of sound." "An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory" was the attitude of the late Sir Robert Stewart in testing candidates for academical honours; and as he was the first to insist, not only on the importance of graduates in music possessing literary and general culture, but also on their acquaintance with the works of great composers, his graduates are, as doubtless Professor Prout's will be also, practical musicians of wide experience and knowledge.



THE Duke of Orleans, on being appointed Regent, insisted on possessing the power of pardoning. "I have no objection," said he, "to have my hands tied from doing harm, but I will have them free to do good."

WHERE WAS THE EAR-TRUMPET.—Mr. James Payn tells a capital story against himself. Of late years, as is well known, he has been afflicted with deafness, and is thus debarred from going out much. However, the deafness, and not the going out, has to do with this tale. A man called on him one day, and Mr. Payn understood him to say that he wished to borrow five pounds. "Not a penny!" exclaimed the author, who knew this person of old, having lent him certain moneys which had not been returned. Looking very

pleased his visitor departed, but the same remark may not be applied to Mr. Payn when he subsequently heard that the man had *come to pay him back* five pounds, and *not* to borrow that sum!

BELLS.—The invention of bells is attributed by some of the best campanologists to the Egyptians, who are credited with having used such instruments to announce the sacred fêtes of Osiris. Amongst bells of modern times, one of the very largest is that of Moscow, "the king of bells," as it is often named by the Russians. It was cast in the year 1733, by order of the Imperial Empress Anne, but it was not placed in position until August 4, 1736. It is supposed to weigh over 400,000 lbs. and is 19 ft. 3 in. high.

## GREAT WRITERS' FIRST ATTEMPTS.

## HOW THEY BEGAN THEIR WORK.

Grant Allen declares he is only a writer of fiction by accident. He began life as a schoolmaster, in charge of a Government College in Jamaica, but, the post being abolished, he was thrown upon his own resources, and being of a psychological turn of mind he wrote and published at his own expense "Physiological Aesthetics." Following this, the next venture took the form of a scientific article, written in narrative style. This pleased the editor to whom it was sent so much that he eagerly, like *Oliver Twist*, called for more, at the same time urging Grant Allen to devote his thoughts to story-writing. Acting upon this good advice, Grant Allen, now one of the most popular writers of the day, has every reason to be glad he did so.

J. M. Barrie made journalism a stepping-stone to literary work of a more detailed style. On leaving the University in Edinburgh, he got on the staff of a provincial paper. Encouraged by an article being accepted by a London editor to whom he had submitted it, Barrie relinquished his post and started for London with little else but hope in his pockets, to shortly after make his *début* before the public as a writer of fiction with his "Auld Licht Idylls."

Rudyard Kipling also drifted from journalism into the world of authorship. Hall Caine began life as an architect, though he ever rejoiced in scribbling. At eighteen he wrote a poem, which was favourably accepted, and some years later, during his leisure hours, he wrote "The Shadow of a Crime," which was founded on a story told to him by his grandfather when a boy.

George Eliot did not seriously turn her thoughts to literature till she had reached her thirty-seventh

year. It was in the summer of 1855 when she positively decided to write a story. Her thoughts grew busy, and one night she had a dream that she was writing a tale, the title of which was "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton," and this dream, as we know, became a reality.

Charlotte Brontë originally intended becoming a schoolmistress, and studied in Brussels with that intention, giving her services as English pupil-teacher in return. Mrs. Gaskell's tuition for literary work was letter-writing. Hearing that William Howitt contemplated bringing out a book, the subject of which was to be visits to remarkable places, Mrs. Gaskell, remembering a visit she had paid a schoolfellow at Clopton Hall, near Stratford-on-Avon, ventured to write to the author, pointing out the great interest attached to the place.

The recipient of the letter was so struck by the graphic and picturesque description, that he wrote in reply urging Mrs. Gaskell "to use her pen for the public's benefit," but it was some time before this sound advice was carried out.

H. Rider Haggard and Stanley J. Weyman both forsook the law for the pen, while Jerome K. Jerome and Morley Roberts tried profession after profession before they turned their attention to literature. The work of a literary aspirant is "a mill that grinds exceeding small," and the pen is no easy weapon with which to fight life's battles, but, as will be seen, choice rather than circumstances has in the case of many of our popular authors led to their adopting writing as a profession.

It is a life often full of disappointments and struggles, but no profession is more dearly loved by those pursuing it than that of writing.—*Answers.*



## A TRIFLE MIXED.

Mr. and Mrs. Glover had not been long married. In fact, they had only just returned from their honeymoon.

Before she was married Mrs. Glover had not been well educated in the matter of household duties, though in other respects she was accomplished enough.

She was desirous of doing her best, and with a view to gaining knowledge she bought a cookery book.

The average cookery book is of about as much use to an owner ignorant of culinary matters as is a

complete letter-writer to a man who cannot write.

Mrs. Glover was intelligent, however, and she might have succeeded better in her first attempt had it not been for an unforeseen accident.

She wisely thought it best not to attempt to cook a whole dinner, but merely one item, and she selected from her book hare soup.

"What's this, dearest?" asked Glover at table that evening.

"It's hare soup, I have made it myself," responded Mrs. Glover with some pride.

"It looks rather queer," said Glover.

"Oh, never mind that," observed his wife. "I dare say it will taste all right."

She tasted it, and her face changed somewhat, but she said nothing.

Glover, who then took a mouthful, said, "Good heavens! this isn't hare soup!"

"It is hare soup by the cookery book," said Mrs. Glover tearfully, "though I must admit it tastes a little peculiar."

"You must have made some dreadful mistake."

"No, I am positive that I followed the directions accurately. I'll read to you what it says," and getting the book Mrs. Glover read the following:—

"Hare Soup.—Hare soup can be made from a fresh hare, but it is often made from the remains of jugged or roast hare. In this case, cut out the best pieces of meat from the back, put them aside, and put the bones and the rest of the hare to boil in some good stock. The quantity must depend

upon what is left. Also put in with it a dessert-spoonful of mixed sweet herbs; also, if possible, chop up a small piece of ham. Stir the soup till it boils, and then add a quarter of a tea-spoonful of essence of anchovy. Break the yoke of an egg into the soup tureen, and add a tin of preserved lobster; or, still better, the meat of a small fresh lobster, cut into neat pieces. Let these stand for five or six minutes and serve."

"Here, hold on," said Glover, "I'm not a cook, but I can tell that there's something wrong there."

"It's down as I read it," responded Mrs. Glover. "Here's the book, and you can see for yourself. It begins just near the bottom of the page, and goes over to the next."

Glover took the book and looked at it. "The secret's out," said he. "You've forgotten to cut open the leaves, and have got the first half of hare soup and the second half of lobster soup!"

Mrs. Glover has still got an aversion to books with uncut edges.—*Judy*.

— \* \* \* \* \*

LEARNING is the ornament of youth and comfort of age.

BUY with ready money if you wish to live in peace.

No evil action can be well done, but a good one may be ill done.

EMPLOYMENT is necessary to man; if agreeable, it is a pleasure, if useful, a happiness.

GOLD should never be made the god of our idolatry, but the agent of our benevolence.

THE people of Arragon in the election of their kings used the following form:—"We, the free-

born inhabitants of the ancient kingdom of Arragon, who are equal to you and something more, elect you to be our king on condition that you preserve to us our rights and privileges. If in this you fail we own you for our king no longer."

ART is short and life is long. The astronomers tell us that a good many years—a million?—will run before "heaven's candles are all run out"—before the sun loses his power of keeping the earth habitable by the British poet, and "there's husbandry in heaven." In that time sonnets may have gone out of fashion, as ballads and rondeaus have gone; nay, even Shakespeare and Milton may be used at the Board schools as specimens of the "latest form of intelligible English."—*Athenaeum*.

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### COMING CONCERTS.

May 1st.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Royal Engineers' Band Concert at 3; Philharmonic Society at 8.—Salle Erard, Miss Pauline St. Angelo's Recital at 3.

2nd.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. A. Collard's Concert at 8.—St. James's Hall, Madame Frickenhaus' Recital at 3.—Steinway Hall, Mr. Charles Loder's Concert at 8.

3rd.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mrs. Hutchinson and Madame Haas' Concert at 3.

4th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Mr. Percy Notcutt's Concert at 2.30; Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Miss M. Carter's Lecture-Recital at 3.

4th.—Steinway Hall, Mr. Clifford Harrison's Recital at 3.  
5th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Organ Recital at 3.30; Popular Evening at 7.

6th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. Leon Schlessinger's Concert at 8.—Princes' Hall, Mme. Veltrino and Mr. Hillier's Concert at 8.

7th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Miss Clive's Concert at 8.—St. James's Hall, Mr. Bispham's Vocal Recital at 3.

8th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mrs. Roskell's Concert at 8.

9th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Strolling Players' Orchestra at 8.30.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. Charles Conyer's Con-

cert at 3; Mrs. Royal Dawson's Recital at 8.—Princes' Hall, Miss Holiday and Mrs. Lee's Concert at 3.

10th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. A. Blagrove's Concert at 3; Miss M. Verne's Pianoforte Recital at 8.

11th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Miss Eissler's Orchestral Concert at 3.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Miss M. Carter's Lecture-Recital at 3; Chamber Concert at 8.—Steinway Hall, Mr. Clifford Harrison's Recital at 3.

12th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Organ Recital at 3.30; Popular Evening at 7.

13th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. Richard Temple's Recital at 3; Miss Louise Nanney's Concert at 8.

14th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Miss McQuoid's Concert at 3; The Shinner Quartette at 8.—St. James's Hall, Mlle. Marie Dubois' Recital at 3.

16th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Philharmonic Society at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. Charles Capper's Concert at 3.—St. James's Hall, Herr Masbach's Recital at 3.

17th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. Tobias A. Matthay's Concert at 8.—St. James's Hall, Mr. Moberley's Orchestral Concert at 8.30.—Princes' Hall, The Kneisel Quartette Concert at 3.

18th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Mr. Daniel Mayer's Concert at 3; Victoria Hospital Concert at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Herr J. H. Bonawitz's Historical Recital at 3.—Steinway Hall, Mr. Clifford Harrison's Recital at 3.

19th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Organ Recital at 3.30; Popular Musical Evening at 7.

20th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Miss Kuhe's Concert at 3.—St. James's Hall, First Richter Concert at 8.30.

21st.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Handel Society's Concert at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. A. Appleby's Concert at 3; Miss Edith Stow's Concert at 8.—St. James's Hall, Miss Pauline St. Angelo's Recital at 3.

22nd.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Herr Mottl's Concert at 8.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. A. K. Virgil's Recital at 3; Miss Florence Sher's Concert at 8.

23rd.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. John Dunn's Recital at 8.—St. James's Hall, London Academy Concert at 2.30.

24th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. Richard Blagrove's Concert at 3; Miss M. Verne's Pianoforte Recital at 8.

25th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Mr. Daniel Mayer's Concert at 3.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. Owen Lewis' Concert at 3.—St. James's Hall, Miss Alexander's Concert at 3.—Steinway Hall, Mr. Clifford Harrison's Concert at 3.

26th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Organ Recital at 3.30; Popular Musical Evening at 7.

27th.—St. James's Hall, Second Richter Concert at 8.30.

28th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Charity Concert at 3.—Queen's (Small) Hall, The Misses Layton's Concert at 3.

29th.—Queen's (Small) Hall, Mr. A. K. Virgil's Recital at 3.

30th.—Queen's (Large) Hall, Philharmonic Society at 8.—St. James's Hall, Mr. George Grossmith's Recital at 3.

31st.—St. James's Hall, Magpie Minstrels' Concert at 8.

OUR MOST SUCCESSFUL NEW SONG,

## "TITTLE TATTLE"

(Words by H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE, Music by Dr. J. WARRINER), is specially suitable for Concerts and Penny Readings, being taking, melodious and amusing.

Compass, C to E.

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## "OUT OF THE MIST"

(Words by E. COOPER WILLIS, q.c.; Music by W. J. PRESSEY, M.A.).

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Price 4/-.

NOW READY. PRICE ONE PENNY.

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